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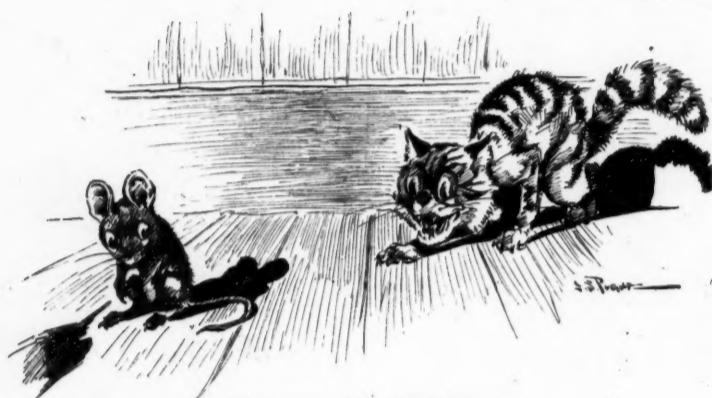
ENOUGH.

BOOKSELLER (*to new salesman*).—Can you give opinions about historical novels without reading them?

SALESMAN.—Why, certainly!

BOOKSELLER.—But suppose you are asked about the plot and construction?

SALESMAN.—But I've read one!



WOULD BE DESIRABLE.

THE MOUSE.—One can never tell where that cat is! I wish she'd mew whenever she wants a mouse!

FROM THE PETTYVILLE PLAINDEALER.

WHEN OUR esteemed fellow-toiler in the journalistic vineyard, the able editor of the Allegash *Agitator*, suddenly deserted the Lares and Penates of his life-long political faith, some few weeks ago, and announced his allegiance to the new Third Party, whatever it might turn out to be when it came into being—he confessed to the world, in a carefully-veiled defiance, that he could not forecast what might prove to be its complexion and general proclivities when it should emerge from its incubator, except that its initial peep would surely consist of the three words, William Jennings Bryan; but he was for it, heart, soul, pen and sizzors, let the chips fall where they might, and —"

But, what we are getting at is that at that time we viewed with genuine alarm his erratic conduct and were wholly unable to account for it. Now, however, we can understand it, and we accept his defection with resignation; we have just learned that he is not in his right mind—he plays golf.

A TIME FOR ACTION.

"What we really need," remarked the Russian statesman, "is an arbitration agreement with England."

"I don't know about that," replied another Muscovite dignitary. "Think what a plight it would put us in if the arbitration commission would sometime decide against manifest destiny!"

IN THE INTERIOR.

FIRST FARMER.—I think our Assemblyman represents his constituents purty well.

SECOND FARMER.—Yes. Every time the people in New York City want anythin' he's ag'in' it.

JUSTIFIED.

ADIRONDACK GUIDE (*savagely*).—How, in tarnation, did you come to take me fer a deer? Why, I was sittin' on this here log smokin' my pipe plain as could be!

CHOLLY (*rattled*).—W-W-Well, I've seen wild a-a-animals smoke a pipe in a circus.

THE AUTHORS OF TO-DAY.

Some rack their brains and spend their pains
On character; some on plot;
While others, more wise, just advertise
And come out ahead, I wot!

EXIGENCY.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Our war despatches seem to me very meagre and unconflicting this morning.

NEWS EDITOR.—Yes; our correspondent with the Boers was called to Hoboken by the sudden death of his uncle, yesterday, and I had to take a raw hand off the Venezuelan revolution to do his work.



SHE EXPLAINS.

"Why, when you were a baby, you'd rather have an old rag doll than any other."

"Oh, yes! But I was n't old enough to know it was n't dressed stylish!"



A FORTUNATE INDIVIDUAL.

"Uncle Mose won de tuhkey. Dad say dat Uncle Mose am dead-lucky 'bout poultry."
"Dat so?"
"Yes. Dad say, ef Uncle Mose wa' n't dead-lucky he'd bin in de penitentiary long ago."

HIS VIEW.

UNCLE JOSH.—Then the Anti-Expansionists think the Constitution oughter foller the flag?

UNCLE HIRAM.—Yes; for the purpose of bringin' the flag home an' makin' it stay there.



AN ARDUOUS TASK.

"But, surely, some of those people might be converted!"

"Well, I'll tell you, me friend. They'll jolly you along, but you might just as well try to convert me!"

THE BEAU.

WELL, my sister's got a beau,
An' he comes 'most ev'ry night,
An' he wants the gas so low
That there's hardly any light!
An' Nell likes him lots, I guess,
'Cause she watches on the sly
An' takes hours an' hours to dress
An' is alluz sweet as pie.

I must call him "Mr. Fenn;"
An' Nell calls him "Mister," too,
'Cept when they're alone, an' then
She keeps gigglin' at him: "Lew!"
But one time I sneaked up near
When they thought I was n't 'round,
An' I heard her call him "dear"—
An' a funny kissin' sound!

He can throw a snake-curve ball,
An' can mew an' bark an' quack,
An' he does n't mind at all
When I pin things on his back.
Often evenin's when he comes
I'm downstairs till after eight
While he helps me do my sums,
Tho' Nell fidgets 'cause it's late.

Onct when he was here I said:
"Say! Why don't you marry Nell?"
An' they sent me straight to bed
'Fore he had a chance to tell!
But I'll ask again, sometime,
'Cause Miss Sommers wants to know;
An' she says, she'll bet a dime
That he's only jest a beau!

Edwin L. Sabin.

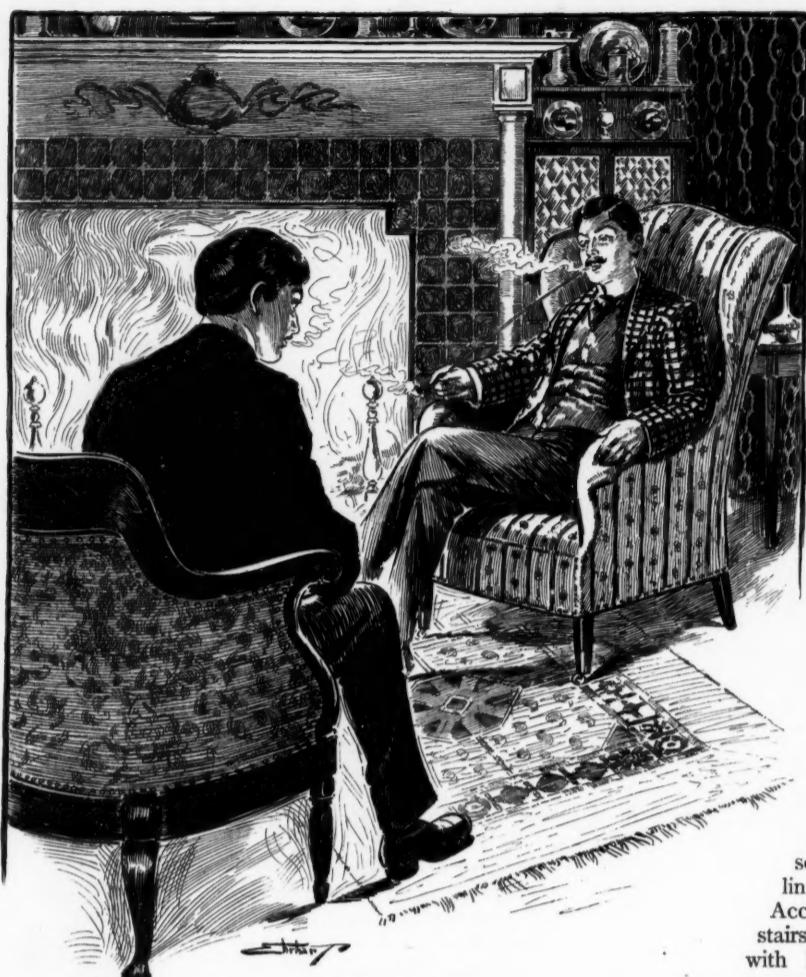


PETTICOAT PROTECTION.

TIPPINGTON.—I used to hunt, but found it too expensive.

BIFFLER.—Too expensive?

TIPPINGTON.—Yes; every time I went Out West my mother-in-law made me add a big lot to my life-insurance.



ACCOUNTED FOR.

JERROLD.—He is just wild over golf.
HAROLD.—That so? Who is the girl?



A ROMANCE OF THE NEXT CENTURY.

HEY MET on the air-yacht of a mutual friend, and he noticed at once that her eyes were as blue as the skies through which the graceful vessel ploughed her way. He fell in love with her at once. He was in the habit of falling in love with good-looking girls, and there was no reason why he should make an exception in this case, for she was strikingly beautiful and her disposition was quite as attractive as her appearance. She reciprocated his attachment and asked him to call, an invitation which he accepted with startling rapidity. His visits became so frequent and so protracted that they attracted the attention of her father. Virginia could not understand how anyone could possibly dislike Paul, but the old gentleman did. He was one of those stern parents who have proved so useful as raw material for romantic literature. He forbade Virginia to see Paul, and he forbade Paul to visit her. Paul attempted to communicate with her by mail, but the old man intercepted the letters and returned them unopened. He did not have to open them, because—everybody being scientific in those days—he had examined them with his X-ray machine and knew just what was in them. Paul, however, managed to meet Virginia clandestinely, and, after bewailing their troubles for a reasonable time, they began to discuss remedies. Paul being just as scientific as everybody else, it occurred to him that they might call in the aid of hypnotism to convince the old gentleman that he, Paul, would make a desirable son-in-law.

But Virginia shook her head mournfully.

"Hypnotism," she said, "has made wonderful advances, but it will be a long time before it accomplishes anything like that."



A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

THE MONKEY-DENTIST (*to the Cockatoo*).—Confound you! Have n't you sense enough to stop asking him questions when I'm working in his mouth?

Then Paul suggested an immediate elopement, but Virginia rejected the proposition emphatically.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Elope in this dress?"

Paul was not posted on the fashions and did not know anything about the prevailing elopement style, but there was something in the way she spoke that convinced him that an elopement in that dress would be a metaphysical impossibility, or, at least, something equivalent.

She agreed, however, to elope within a few days, the details to be planned and communicated to each other by wireless telegraphy. In those days everybody understood wireless telegraphy and instruments for sending and receiving messages were as common as cameras are today.

It happened that the next night was very sultry and Papa went up on the roof, partly in order to try to keep cool and partly to study astronomy, in which, as a scientific matter, he was deeply interested. But he noticed that the air on the roof was very hot and getting hotter all the time, and, in seeking a scientific explanation of the phenomena, it occurred to him that there might be something doing in the line of sound waves.

Accordingly, he went downstairs and returned to the roof with his wireless telegraph apparatus and was soon able to intercept the message. Just as he expected, there were expressions of ardent devotion flying around, fully confirming his hypothesis of the cause of the hot air on the roof. Interesting as this was in itself, it became more so when he found that these messages were passing between Paul and Virginia and that an elopement was being planned.

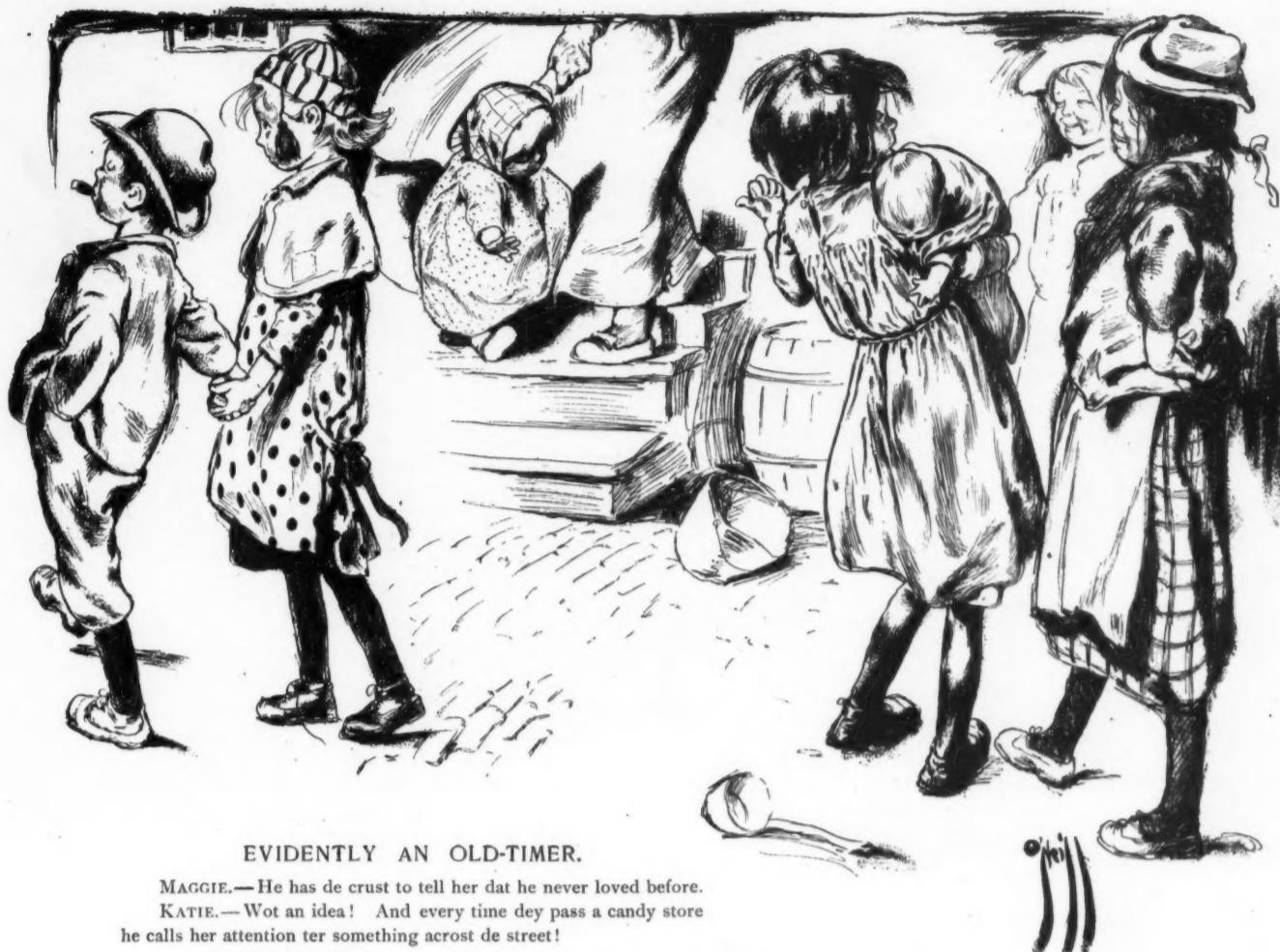
The unscrupulous old man decided on his course instantly. He cut off Paul's messages from Virginia and Virginia's from Paul. Then, with his own machine, he sent a message to Paul, purporting to come from Virginia, stating that complications had arisen



ANTICIPATION.

"Golly! I dunno when Ise inj'yed a meal like Ise enj'yin' to-morrer's dinner!"

PUCK



EVIDENTLY AN OLD-TIMER.

MAGGIE.—He has de crust to tell her dat he never loved before.

KATIE.—Wot an idea! And every time dey pass a candy store
he calls her attention ter something acrost de street!

and that she could not keep the appointment to elope, but would explain later. Then he confiscated Virginia's machine and kept her in close custody. He was, indeed, a terrible old man, and nothing can be said in extenuation of his conduct, except, perhaps, that it does help to meet the exigencies of fiction.

When Paul, the next day, attempted to communicate with Virginia, the old man replied coldly in his daughter's name that she had discovered her lover's unworthiness and desired to cancel the engagement. To all appeals for an explanation there was no reply.

If Paul could have seen Virginia it would have been all right; and if he had been patient he might, in time, have seen her. But it never occurred to him that the message was not genuine, and for two long months he was a bitter misanthrope, never looking at a blue-eyed girl without feeling an inclination to reproach the sex with faithlessness. At the end of that time, however, he met a black-eyed girl, whereupon he reasoned, logically enough, that it was unjust to hold her responsible for anything a blue-eyed girl had done. To make a sad story short, he married her after a remarkably short engagement.

As to Virginia, she pined away until her father showed her a newspaper containing a notice of Paul's marriage. She saw clearly that it was useless to pine away any longer and, in time, she married a man with a tawny mustache. The stern parent did not like him, either, but he felt that if he was going to interfere with all Virginia's love affairs he would have a large contract on his hands; so he let it go at that.

Wm. E. McKenna.

A CENTURY HENCE.

"And you will be mine, Helene?"

"Yes, Horace!"

In a transport of joy he seizes the hand of the young girl and shakes it. To be sure handshaking has been declared unsanitary by the best medical authority, but what has such a tumultuous love as theirs to do with material considerations?

A PLEA.

ELsie.—Next time, please, God, don't send twins. Let them be assorted sizes!

A WILL may be set aside on account of undue influence, but, unfortunately, a political appointment can not.



THE TOAST.

"Nay, then, if you will have a toast, let us drink to the man who knows when to stop!"

"Ay! To show that the absent are not forgotten!"

PUCK.



IT TAKES TIME.

THE TOILER.—It's a big chob for der money!

THE EMPLOYER.—Vell, vot you t'ink? You can't expect to busd choost as soon as you come to der gountry!

AN APPROPRIATE REMARK.

"I dub thee Knight!" said the King, lightly swatting on the apex of his intellectual canteloupe with the flat of a sword the pale-green son of a gouty old nobleman who had never done anything more meritorious than just live.

And His Royal Adiposity was eminently correct, for the young man was indeed a dub.

CONSTANT.

ALICE.—Oh, no! Cholly is n't engaged! He is true to his first love.

MAY.—Who is that?

ALICE.—Cholly!



CONTINUAL DROPPING.

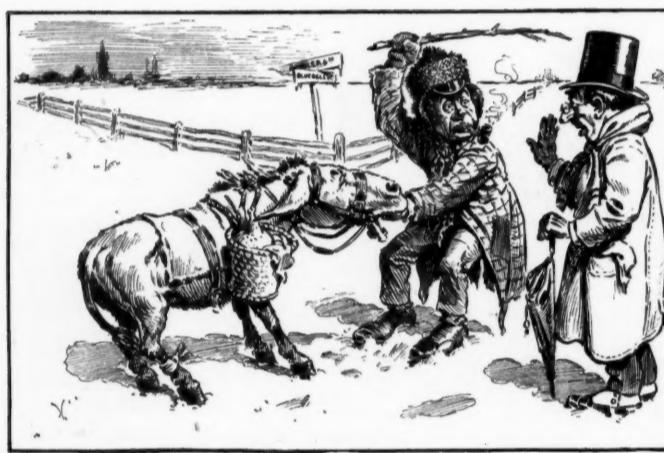
"Once again," triumphantly said the able editor of the Allegash *Agitator*, "has the power of the Press made itself felt. For more than seven years we have been clamoring, conscientiously and continuously, in season and out of season, for a new depot here; and now the P. D. Q. Railroad has decided to accede to our demand and erect one. The old depot burned down last Thursday night amid thunders of applause!"

THE LIMIT.

ASCUM.—Jabsley is awful vain, is n't he?

WANDER.—Well, rather! Why, he has fitted up a phonograph in his room to play "See, the conquering hero comes!" when he opens the door.

A FRIEND IN NEED.



I.
"Tut! Tut! Don't abuse the beast! Just get on his back, and I'll use a little strategy!"



II.
"Now, then! One—two—"



III.
"—Three!!"



IV.
"Well, fo' de lan's sake! Ef dat ain' scan'lous!"

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SPENDING THE SURPLUS.

UNCLE SAM now sports a surplus which, compared with those of the past, is of unparalleled magnitude. We use "unparalleled magnitude" in preference to "biggest ever" because it sounds so much puffier and more florid; and this is precisely that kind of surplus. That this imposing collection of dollars will suffer the fate of its lesser predecessors no one doubts: least of all no member of the Congress whose attention it is now engaging. Bills good and bad will be drawn upon it, and its golden majesty will swiftly diminish, possibly to the minus quantity of a deficit. There is an Isthmian canal to be financed, a feat that of itself would disable any common surplus. And, if some very suave pirates now in Congress have their way, there will be a bill passed enabling our shipbuilders to reduce this and future surpluses by something like nine million dollars a year. We all hope to see the canal built, but some of us are puzzled to see why the shipbuilders, who are already working their yards to their utmost capacity, should be in receipt of special favors. This is one of the mischiefs of a big surplus. It stimulates the ingenuity of subsidy-hunters and looters in general, and it is apt to create in the minds of our Congressmen a sentiment of careless generosity toward them. Happily the public feeling at this time is strongly against subsidies and all discriminating taxes. And there is hope for a further reduction of tariff and war-taxes that will tend to bring the surplus of the future to dimensions somewhat nearer our actual needs.

THE PHILIPPINE PUZZLE.

"PACIFIED BUT not tranquilized" was General McArthur's neatly discriminating phrase applied to the Philippine situation a few weeks ago. Civil Governor Taft, of the Islands, now on his way to Washington, has declared that he will say something very different when he arrives. Governor Taft seems to attribute much of the current trouble in the Philippines to the fact that our troops are retained in the smaller villages, where they serve to irritate natives who would otherwise be content under our government. The suggestion is plausible; but, as Governor Taft's views are opposed by the military authorities, who must be admitted to have some knowledge of the conditions, it will be only fair to wait for the other side of the story that the Governor has threatened to tell. One thing may be taken as certain, however: if the almost daily fighting with small bodies of our soldiery is the work of natives who have been "pacified but not tranquilized," the signs that betoken pacification in the Philippines are peculiar. If the Filipinos are to behave in this manner after they have been pacified, the tale of their tranquilization will be apt to consist, at last, of mere mortuary statistics.

TO PENSION TRAITORS. PEOPLE WITH ordinarily sensitive feelings are made to gasp from time to time by some fresh display of impudence on the part of the hardened pension hunters. Last year it was an attempt to have Congress remove the disability of soldiers who had deserted from our army during the civil war. Up to that time the prejudice against this class had been such that no professed deserter had ever sought to draw a pension. This attempt to pension deserters, unsuccessful though

it proved, was eloquent of the light in which pension legislation is now viewed by a certain class of politicians. But that bill was praiseworthy compared with one introduced into the House of Representatives the other day by a Western member. This bill provides that when a captured Union soldier joined the Confederate army during our civil war, in preference to enduring the hardships of a Confederate prison, the fact shall not disqualify him from drawing a pension providing he did not actually engage in battle against the Union forces. We think this will be generally admitted to break all previous records of indecency in the long history of the pension debauch. Any criticism of pension legislation, by the way, is invariably construed by our chief pension organization as "an insult to the old soldier." Have its sensitive members now no retort to this implied slur upon the thousands of loyal Union soldiers, who preferred suffering and even death in the Confederate prisons to the double treachery of enlisting with the enemy under false pretences. We withhold the name of the Congressman who fathers this remarkable product. For all we know, he may have respectable family connections upon whom it would be unfair to bring opprobrium.

MACLAY VERSUS SCHLEY.

THE AFFAIR incited by the historical labors of Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay can hardly have been gratifying to either of the factions involved. The end may not be yet; but that the affair should ever have had a beginning is unanimously conceded to be regrettable. Yet at least one development of the controversy will excite general approval. Historian Maclay who started the muss has been ousted from his position of "special laborer" in the Navy Department. The removal signifies an admirable knowledge of the proprieties on the part of the official ordering it. Mr. Maclay received \$2.24 a day from the government. How he may make his living in future has not been disclosed, but it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell that it will not be by writing history. As we should like to see him employed, however, in the line of abuse for which he has shown so rare a talent, we hereby start the rumor that he has been engaged as Schley-editor of a prominent daily newspaper in New York.

THERE IS some reason to believe that quite a number of Boers have been numbered with the slain without being killed.



HOW IT LOOKED.

EDITH.—She says her face is her fortune.
ETHEL.—How unfortunate!



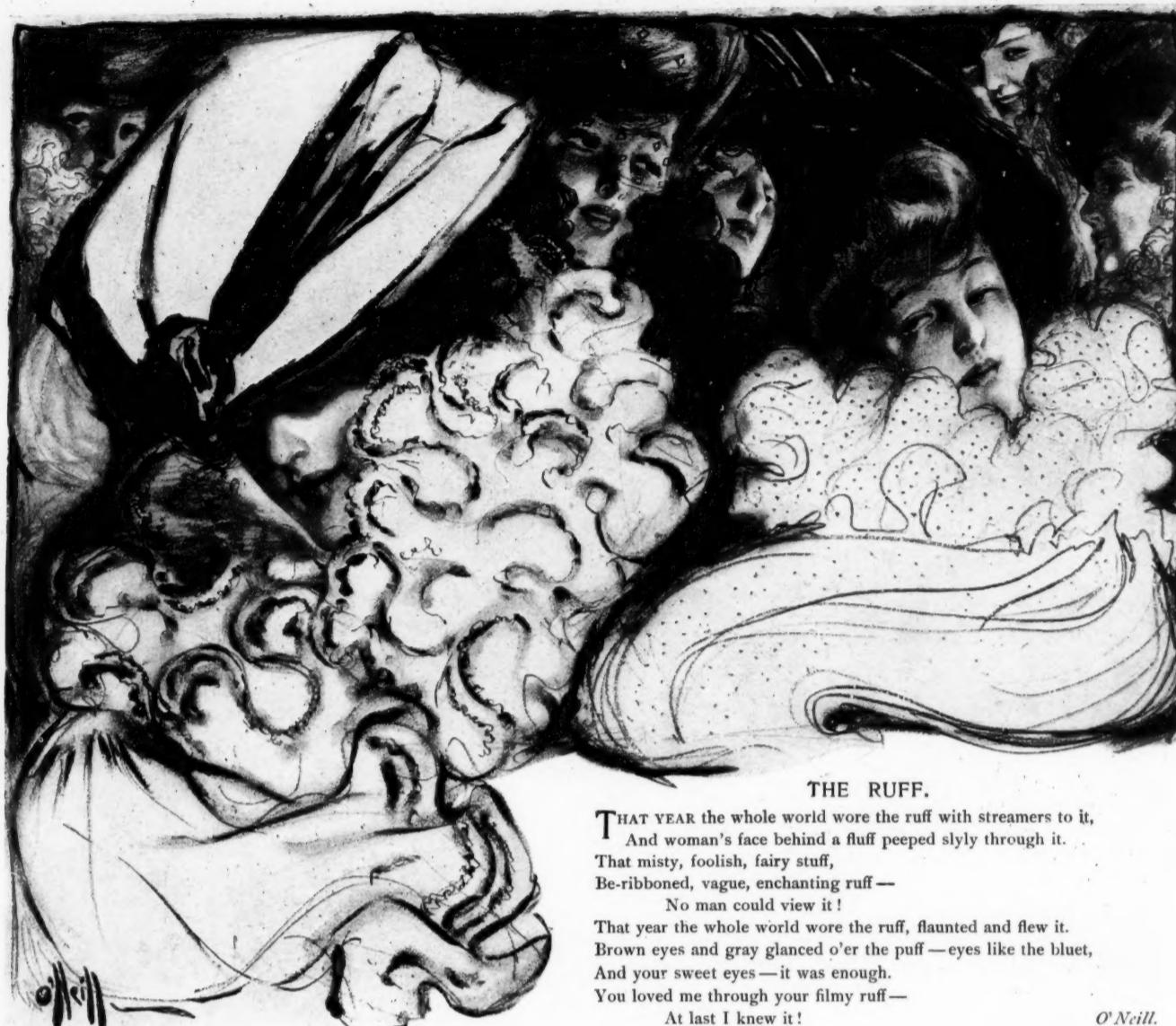
A TEMPTING



CAMPING TAIL.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUCK



THE RUFF.

THAT YEAR the whole world wore the ruff with streamers to it,
And woman's face behind a fluff peeped slyly through it.
That misty, foolish, fairy stuff,
Be-ribboned, vague, enchanting ruff—
No man could view it!
That year the whole world wore the ruff, flaunted and flew it.
Brown eyes and gray glanced o'er the puff—eyes like the bluet,
And your sweet eyes—it was enough.
You loved me through your filmy ruff—
At last I knew it!

O'Neill.

NOT HIS EXPERIENCE.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—Don't you believe in the literal inspiration of the Scriptures?

SECOND SUBURBANITE.—Well, hardly!
There's that text that what a man
sows he shall reap.

DELIGHTFUL.

MRS. BEECROFT.—Your little boy seems perfectly delighted with the printing press Santa Claus brought him.

MRS. CHATTERTON (*resignedly*).—Yes; he has discovered he can get dirtier playing with it than with any present he ever had.

A GOOD GRAFT.

"What per centage of profit is there in your mining scheme?"

"Man, it is better than robbery!"

IF TO the pure all things are pure, recent food analyses seem to be a serious reflection on our characters.

IT IS needless to say that things needless to say constitute a large proportion of the things that are said.

OTHER PEOPLE knowing what is best for him has made many a boy wish he had been born an orphan without friends or relatives.



THEY ROAST HIM.

"I don't think he has a correct ear."
"Why, no! If he had he would n't want to listen to his own voice."

serious reflection on our characters.

AGRICULTURE.

The ancient farmer poured out a libation to Ceres.
"That insures me twenty bushels of corn to the acre," he remarked.

Then he sacrificed nine bullocks to Mars.
"That means a jump of ten cents a bushel in price," said he.
From this it will be seen that agriculture was more a positive science in those days than it now is.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"You'll be careful not to go where the ice is thin? You remember there was a boy fell in a little while ago?"

"Yes; but that was on Sunday an' you said it was because he did n't go to Sunday-school. The ice ought n't to be thin on week days."



IN A. D. 1909.

CLERK.—Sir, your wife has just had her aeroplane run away with her, but it was caught by a flying machine policeman before any damage was done.

OLD GOTROCKS.—Confounded that aeroplane liveryman! He swore that was an aeroplane that any lady could drive!

PUCK

AN INFAMY OF THE STAGE.



HE FRENCHMAN on the American stage must be either a slick villain or a *ne plus ultra* fop. It is as necessary that he be thus represented as it is that he say, "Ah, ha!" "Ees eet posseeble!" "I haf heem now!" "Mille pardong!" "Je me trompe!" "Parbleu!" and other niceties of diction in which American playwrights excel.

Our stage traditions positively demand that the Frenchman in the play should be an exceedingly polite, affable and successful scoundrel, or a dandified specimen of idiot. Consider the affront to our historical friend and ally, France. Does the brilliant, exuberant and versatile nation of Lafayette produce no genuine gentlemen? Is wickedness and frippery altogether synonymous with Gallic character? You never saw, at the play, any Frenchman who was not connected with some horrible sort of crookedness or asininity.

Scene:

Enter, French gentleman. Takes off silk hat, caresses pointed beard of inky and villainous blackness, flips coat-tails with that sublime and commanding elegance possible only to a stage French gentleman, and—why more detail? There he is! Scoundrel! If he did anything honest the audience would rise in amazed indignation, go to the box-office and fight to get their money back. The audience guesses it knows. Huh! Has n't the audience been religiously trained this way for decade after decade?



THE ONLY COMPLAINT.

THE ACTOR.—Do you really think that picture looks like me?
THE SOUBRETTE.—Yes;—but I have no other fault to find with it.



HIS DIPLOMATIC REPLY.

SHE.—I'd just like to know where you got them things.

THE TRAMP.—Well, Ma'am, dere's questions about golf what it ain't easy to explain to an outsider!

Oui, Monsieur.

Why this race discrimination?

Why are there no dishonest stage Irishmen? Would the audience feel that the playerfolk were getting personal? Gaze on the lovely assortment of countenances in the gallery,—not to mention the boxes,—but don't you *dare* say what you think!

Why no German dudes? Don't they make 'em? Why no Yankees, with mustaches waxed to high heaven and brains like addled robins' eggs? Have we no native "smart" tenor singers, no inane anglomaniacs, no crazy golf-players, no ladylike sons of rich men? There are a few, kind sir; there are a few!

Why all the foolishest foolishness, all the deepest villainy, all the cusseddest rascality unfailingly of the French type?

If the French were as numerous on these shores as some other nationalities which might be named off-hand, and sufficiently villainous, a gang of them would go out some St. Patrick's Day and burn and loot a few American theatres, just to show that there was no ill-feeling.

Ah, ha! Ees eet not posseeble?

After all, perhaps it is only the Frenchman who can receive the poisoned wafer with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and press it to his lips in the presence of the multitude with a winning and courtly manifestation of the pleasure which is extremely his.

Veritablement.
Vive la France!

Fred. Ladd.

THE COSTLY KEEP.

"I have had built no fewer than four steam yachts!" exclaimed the Trillionaire. "The first sunk when she was launched; the second blew up on her trial trip; the third was run down by a ferry-boat the first time she went to sea; the fourth has just burned at the dock before her machinery was fairly installed!"

"Well?" said I.

"If I can't keep a steam yacht, of course I shall die rich!" said he, the tears trickling down his furrowed cheek.

PRAYER.

No; old Mr. Adoniram Taft did not precisely doubt the efficacy of prayer.

"Howsumdever," said he, "I notice that them that's forever prayin' fer rain or else prayin' fer it tew quit rainin', don't seem tew git nuthin' much done, somehow! M'yeah!"



A HINT.

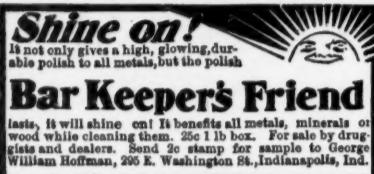
HE.—Matrimony is a serious thing to contemplate.
SHE.—But it is n't so serious, Cholly, if the other party is n't contemplating it!

NO ADROIT entertainer will make the mistake of having her refreshments so dainty that the Society reporters will go away hungry.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building,
5th Ave., cor. 22d St.
Only Salesroom
in Greater New
York.



Bar Keeper's Friend

basic, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

RICH kin are usually of no use except to point to with pride.—*Atchison Globe*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



HIS OPINION.

SHE.—I know some couples that quarreled a good deal at first but got along pretty well later on.

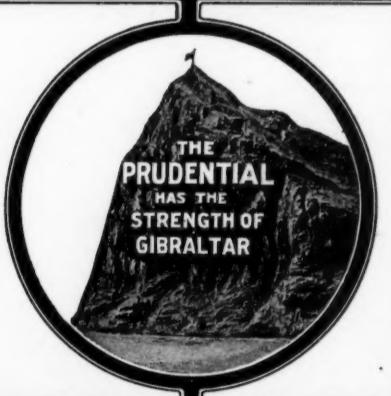
HE.—Oh, yes! Some people take matrimony like rheumatism—they get so they don't complain much.

Consider What the Future

of your family would be without the income you now provide. Life Insurance is the one means by which you can make certain their future support, and you should provide them with its protection.

Fill out the following form and mail it to us.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, sample Whole Life Policy for \$
Name
Age
Occupation
Dept. P.



JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President.

THE PRUDENTIAL

Insurance Company of America

HOME OFFICE,
Newark, N.J.

Convincing.

Hunter Baltimore Rye

The perfect type of
the purest whiskey,
claims this:

The test is taste,
and a taste con-
vinces that it is
Pure, Old, Mellow

It is the American
Gentleman's
Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

What was the cost per game?—when 6,175
games were played with one 25-cent pack of



Bicycle Playing Cards

Letter from player who did this, and a colored reproduction of the cards he used, FREE, on request. Bicycle cards always wear well.
Gold Medal, Buffalo, 1901.
Grand Prix, Paris, 1900.
Highest Award, Chicago, 1893.

A 120-page condensed Hoyle mailed for 6 flap ends of Bicycle boxes or five 2c. stamps.
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From Sunrise To Electric Lights

you'll find Keiser-Barathea
Cravats the proper all-round
neckdress.

Cle
bott's
time a

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to tak

"A Ge

MA

AT A

INSIST ON
NOVENA RYE
AND ENJOY YOURSELF

A Pure Old Whiskey, that Tickles the Palate and Stimulates the Ambition.

*Bottled by EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES.
RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI.*

Send name to Department P and receive the handsome book "After-Dinner Stories" Free.



AN UNPLEASANT REMINDER.

"I reckon I know as much about hosses as de nex' man!"
"Wal, yo' know, de nex' man doan' ginally know 'nuff to keep from gittin' broke."

Clear the cobwebs from your brain by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine at grocers or druggists.

There is no better dinner wine than Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It helps digest your food.

TRUTHFUL.
HE.—What in the world did you tell your father I had kissed you for?

SHE.—He asked me how far along I'd got. — *Detroit Free Press.*

THE only way to jolly some folks is to say that they can not be jollied. — *Wash. Democrat.*

WHEN a boy tries to catch a turtle, a bat, or anything equally useless, don't disgust him by asking what he wants it for. — *Atchison Globe.*

SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "seems built in such a way dat dey neber seems to be puttin' forward deir bigges' efforts 'ceppin' when dey's headin' fo' trouble." — *Washington Star.*

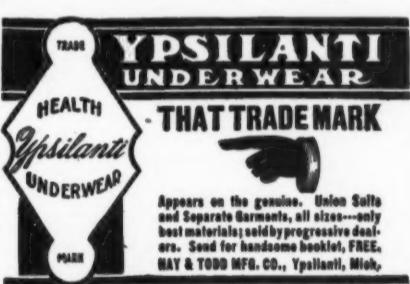
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BEEMAN'S
The Original
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion
and Sea-sickness.
ALL OTHERS ARE
IMITATIONS.

BE good to the living; the dead are able to take care of themselves. — *Atchison Globe.*

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
— *Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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BRANDY
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"Standard of Highest Merit"
FISCHER
PIANOS.
"The embodiment of tone and art."
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1 lb. box finest selected \$1.00 5 lb. box finest selected \$2.55
2 " " " " 1.50 8 " " " " 3.80
C. F. GUNTHER,
312, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

UNDER HIS BREATH.
"I suppose your wife always has the last word?" said the impudent relation.

"Not always," answered Mr. Meekton. "But she always has the last one that is spoken aloud." — *Washington Star.*

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits; but it will make better time if you hustle. — *Washington Democrat.*

IF there is anything in hypnotism, why don't the bill collectors take it up? — *Atchison Globe.*

ALL the use some men are to tell how the town looked fifty years ago. — *Wash. Democrat.*

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THE OVERLAND LIMITED leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 5.15 p. m. third day. THE PACIFIC EXPRESS leaves Chicago 10.00 a. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 4.15 p. m. third day. THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS leaves Chicago 11.30 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 8.25 a. m. fourth day. Unrivaled scenery and most luxurious service via

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FOR PUBLIC SAFETY

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GEO. E. REEDY,
President Master Barbers' Association,
State of New York.

Moral:

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"Happy are we met, Happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and Happy meet again."

A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

Trimble Whiskey Green Label.
AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

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Maryland Club

Pure Rye Whiskey



It tastes old because it is old

CAHN, BELT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Ask for MARYLAND CLUB

And see that you get it.



A DISTINCTION.

THE ACTOR.—Don't you think actors are quite liberal, as a rule?

THE WAITER.—Well, I don't know about them being liberal as a rule, sir, but I think they are when they have any money!

JUNE ROSES IN JANUARY.
The "Gloria," A charmingly realistic rose design by A. M. Roeth—in wall papers—by the PITTSBURG WALL PAPER CO., NEW BRIGHTON, PA. Your dealer can get samples.

It's the fad this winter for golfers to go to California. Best train for best travelers is The California Limited, via the Santa Fe.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.

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PAPER WAREHOUSE,
52, 54 and 56 Bleeker Street. NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

TIME ENOUGH.
MISS KOSTIQUE.

—She says you have a habit of telling all you know.

CHOLLY.—The ideah! Why, she nevah met me till lawst evening, and then only for five minutes.

MISS KOSTIQUE.—Well?—Catholic Standard and Times.

So many persons are operated upon every day that it is becoming quite a distinction to go to the grave all in one piece.—Atchison Globe.

GOLD MEDAL AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION. Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bitters. The only Genuine. Avoid domestic substitutes.

WOMAN'S WAY.

KATE.—I understand Jane

Brown's sweetheart has proved false to her?

RUTH.—Yes; and with all his false she loves him still.—Detroit Free Press.

BOTH SIDES OF THE TRANSACTION.

"My father is a broker," said one little girl. "What's yours?"

"He's one of the people who get broke," answered the other.—Washington Star.

Rae's Lucca Olive Oil

appreciated by connoisseurs for its

Delicate Flavor

(No rank smell nor taste, so frequent in some brands of Olive Oil)

Guaranteed Pure Oil of Olives only

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Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.

CHICAGO AND WEST—LAKE SHORE LIMITED—The New York Central.

QUERY.
 "Say!" asked the lad of ten who had
 A most inquiring mind,
 "Who is it loses all the fault
 That other people find?"
 —Catholic Standard and Times.

Irresponsible bottlers are
 not permitted to harm

Evans' Ale or Stout



Bottled at the brewery they
 come to you in all their excell-
 ence and purity

All good dealers sell them.
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Arnold Constable & Co.

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 in large and unusual sizes.

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 specially prepared to fit any Rooms or Halls.

Foreign and Domestic

Carpets and Carpetings
 in new and original designs and colorings.

Mounted Skins.

Upholstery.

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NEW YORK

YEAST.—Would you call his automobile a runabout?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes; it will run about ten minutes and then break down.—Yonkers Statesman.

In our day we have heard keepers of boarding-houses complain of everything except that the boarders have poor appetites.—Atchison Globe.



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DISTILLERS,
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THE REAL THING.

"Uncle Tom, what is charity?"

"Charity, Tommy, is finding good excuses for the faults of people we don't like."—Detroit Free Press.

A GREAT many men have managed to attain fame by hanging to the tail gate of a crisis.—Washington Post.

IF hell is paved with good intentions, just think how many of us are unwittingly contractors.—Prince-ton Tiger.

"Is your wife fond of fiction?"

"I should say so. Why, she has had all my excuses printed and bound in one volume."—Norristown Herald.



A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

FIRST TURKEY.—You were lucky to survive the Christmas season.

SECOND TURKEY.—I should say so. I was so dangerously healthy that I didn't expect to live through it.

You can face the work of life with a new determination when you feel full of energy. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters create energy.

CONSCIENTIOUS.

"Yes," said Mr. Cumrox; "we always attend the grand opera."

"What for?" asked the man who knows nothing but business.

"Out of a strict regard for the truth. My daughters want to be able to say they have heard all the great singers, and I think that their conscientious devotion to avoiding a fib on the subject is very much to their own credit."—Wash. Star.

"IT is n't proper for a groom to send his regrets to his own wedding," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "but he often feels called upon to express them afterwards."—Yonkers Statesman.

ONE OR THE OTHER.

JENKINS.—The world is getting better every day; don't you think so?

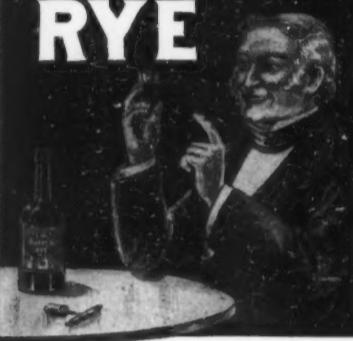
TOMPKINS.—Yes; or else we are getting used to it.—Detroit Free Press.

SHE.—Would you go over Niagara Falls for me?

HE.—In a balloon.—Norristown Herald.

THE trouble with short-sighted people is that they expect everyone to wear their glasses.—Ram's Horn.

HARPER RYE



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Gold Medals at New Orleans, 1885;
 Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900. . . .

If local dealers cannot supply it, address the distillers,

BERNHIM BROS.
Louisville, Ky.

PATIENCE.—He must have a soft spot in his heart for me.

PATRICE.—Why so?

PATIENCE.—He says he is always thinking of me.

PATRICE.—But you know a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft place must be in his head.—Yonkers Statesman.

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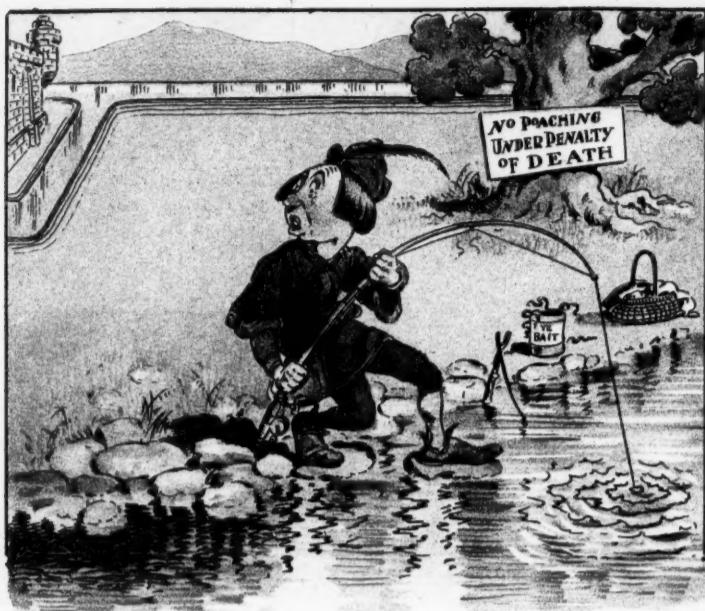
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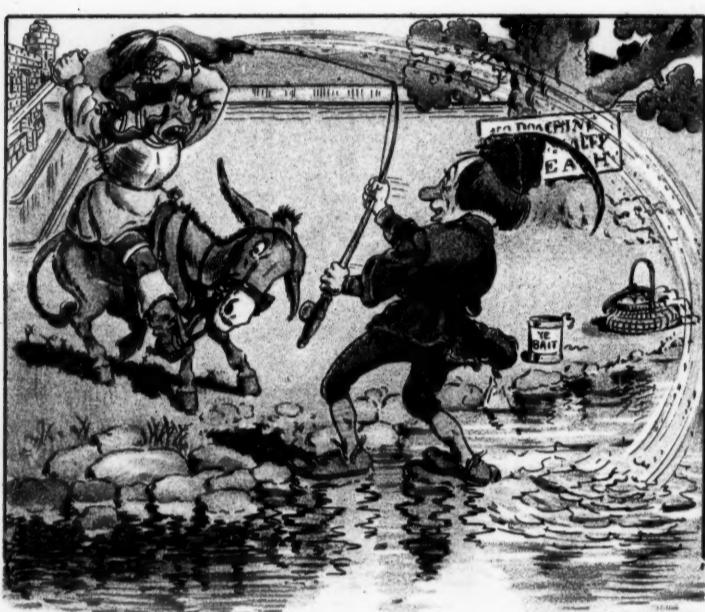
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